

# A GARLAND

BY A. S. WILDELL

## NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING.

- 1 William at Eve.
- 2 The Weymouth Frigate.
- 3 Say Bonny Lass.
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- 5 Still from care and thinking free.
- 6 Loose every Sail to the breeze.



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### William at Eve's Garland.

**W**HEN William at eve meets me down by the stile,  
How sweet's the nightingale's song,  
I confess without blushing I hear him complain,  
And believe every word of his song,  
You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain,  
While the moon plays yon branches among.

How fain do I wish to chase sunshine away,  
Ye moments how slowly ye move,  
Give place envious day-light, haste evering along,  
O joy past expressing, to hear the dear swain,  
While the moon plays yon branches among.

From the stile as we walked to yon neighbouring grove,  
The swain his love passion he pres'd,  
He said, my dear charmer to church let's repair  
Your hand it will e'er make me blest.  
How could I refuse the dear swain his soft boon,  
While the moon plays yon branches among.

### The Weymouth Frigate.

**C**OME all brave seamen that have a mind to enter  
On board the Weymouth Frigate along with Captain  
Spencer;  
On board the Weymouth Frigate she is called by name,  
And she cruizes the seas for Old England's fame.  
Now sing what cheer O



It was in October the twenty-second day,  
That we from Plymouth Sound boys sailed away;  
And Captain William Crosby was the commodore,  
And steered our course along the French shore.

Now sing what cheer O.

The very next mornng it being fair and clear,  
We espied three sail belonging to Monsieur  
And two of them were merchantmen, and bound for the  
west,  
And the other was a frigate that was just sail'd from Brest

Now sing what cheer O.

Then the signal was made for us to give chace,  
Which made all our hearts boys for to rejoice;  
We took those two merchantmen, before their own eyes,  
And the frigate she bore down thinking to make us her  
prize.

Now sing what cheer O.

Then a broadside from her we now did receive,  
But two for one we quickly did them give;  
Till they hauled down their white rag immediately,  
"Our ship she is a sinking for quarters we do cry."

Now sing what cheer O.

Then we hasted out our longboat immediately  
To save as many prisoners as we could come nigh;  
But many bitter sights unto us they did afford,  
For they swam in the seas like the fish overboard.

Now sing what cheer O.

Now when we along aside of our ship did come,  
 We sounded up our trumpets and beat up our drums ;  
 The prisoners we saved unto us did protest,  
 That we sunk the finest frigate that ever sail'd out of Brest.

Now sing what cheer O.

But a ship from St Maloes was firted out then,  
 With sixty-four guns and five hundred men ;  
 She laid us on board in a very heavy sea,  
 And carried both head and our mizzen away.

Now sing what cheer O.

Our head and our bowsprit being quite gone,  
 A succour for our foremast boys we had none ;  
 But we swang fore and aft upon our main stay,  
 Which carried both our main and our mizen-mast away.

Now sing what cheer O.

Our magazine of powder being blown up then,  
 Which kill'd our master and thirty of our men ;  
 Now I have cruiz'd the seas this forty years and more,  
 But I never in my life such misfortunes saw before.

Now sing what cheer O.

Early the next morning it being fair and bright,  
 We got up three jury-masts by thence it was light ;  
 We got up three jury-masts with a sweet pleasant gale,  
 And we shifted our course for the old head of Kinsale.

Now sing what cheer O.

Now we betwixt two anchors in harbour doth swim,  
 Let's all drink a good health unto George our king ;  
 And we will keep a merry Christmas here brave boys,  
 And we will sing a quellieux to those Irish dear joys.

Now sing what cheer O.

*Say, Bonny Lass.*

**S**AY bonny lass, will you lie in a barrack ?  
 Will you marry a soldier, and carry his wallet ?  
 O yes I will do it and think nothing of it,  
 A soldier I'll marry and carry his wallet.  
 But how would you part with your daddy and mammy,  
 Who kindly supports you, and tenderly chear you ;  
 I'll neither take leave of my daddy nor mammy,  
 But I will away with my soldier laddie,

Say bonny lass, will you go a campaigning,  
 And bear all the hardships of battle and famine ?  
 When bleeding and fainting, O will you draw near me,  
 Will you nurse your poor soldier, and tenderly chear me ?  
 O yes I'll go through all hardships you mention,  
 And ten thousand more if you had the invention :  
 Neither battle nor famine, nor wars shall alarm me,  
 Whilst I have a soldier my dearest, to charm me.

O bonny lass, in the heat of the battle,  
 When men lay a bleeding, and cannons do rattle ;  
 While your soldier, with enemies fierce is assailed,  
 Your heart that's most tender, O sure it will fail you.  
 Not so no such danger shall ever affright me ;  
 To follow my soldier shall ever delight me ;  
 In battle's fierce conflict I'll closely attend him,  
 And cheerfully venture my life to defend him.

*Rat Tat Too.*

**T**HO' I'm now a very little lad,  
 If fighting men can not be had ?  
 For want of a better I may do,  
 To follow the boy with the rat tat too.

I may seem tender yet I'm tough,  
And tho' not much o' me, I'm right good stuff;  
Of this I boast say more who can,  
I never was afraid to meet my man.

I'm a chickabidy, see take me now now now,  
I'm a merry little he for my tow dow dow,  
Brown Bess I'll knock about, O there's my joy,  
At my back a koapsack like a roving boy.

In my tairain plaid a young soldier view,  
My phillibag and dirk and bonnet b'ue,  
Give me the word and I'll march waere you command,  
Noble serjeant with a shilling then strike my hand,  
My captain as he takes his glass,  
May wish for to toy with a pretty lass,  
For such a one I've a roguish eye,  
He'll never want a girl when I am by.

I'm a chickabidy see, &c.  
Tho a barber never yet has mow'd my chin,  
With my great broad sword I long to begin,  
Cut, slash, ram, draw, O glorious sun;  
For a gun pip, pop, change my little pop gun,  
My foes shall fly like geese in flocke,  
Ee'n Turks I'll drive like turky cocks,  
And where ever quartered I shall be,  
Oh! sounds how I'll kill my landlady,

I'm a chickabidy see, &c.

*Still from care and thinking free.*

**W**HEN the anchor's weigh'd and the ships unmoor'd  
And landsmen lag behind, sir,  
The sailor joyful skips on board,  
And swearing prays for wind, sir,  
Towing here, yoing there,  
Steadily, readily, cherrily, merrily,  
Still from care and thinking free,  
Is a sailors life at sea.

When we sail with a freshning breeze  
 And landsmen all grow sick, sir,  
 The sailor lolls his with mind at ease,  
 And the song and the can go quick, sir,  
 Laughing here, quaffing there, &c.

When the wind at night whistles o'er the deeps,  
 And seems to landsmen dreary;  
 The sailor fearless goes to sleep,  
 And takes his watch most cheerly.  
 Booring here, snoring there, &c.

When the sky grows black, and the wind blows hard,  
 And landsmen skulk below, sir,  
 Jack mounts up to the top sail yard,  
 And turns his gaid as he goes, sir.  
 Hawling here, bawling there, &c.

When the foaming waves run mountains high,  
 And landsmen cry all gone, sir.  
 The sailor hangs twixt sea and sky,  
 And jokes with Davy Jones, sir.  
 Dashing here, clashing there, &c.

When the ship dy'e see becomes a wreck,  
 And landsmen hoist the boat sir,  
 The sailor scorns to quit the deck,  
 While a single plank's a float, sir,  
 Swearing here, tearing there, &c.

*Loose every Sail to the Breeze.*

**L**OOSE every Sail to the breeze,  
 The course of the vessel improve;  
 I've done with toils of the seas  
 Ye sailors I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair.

My griefs I fling all to the wind

'Tis a pleasing return for my care,

My mistress is constant and kind,

My sails are all fill'd to my dear,—

What tropic bird swifter can move ;  
Who cruel shall hold his career,—

That returns to the nest of his love.

Hoist every sail to the breeze,

Come ship-mates and join in the song ;

Let's drink while our ship cuts the seas,

To the gale that do drive us along.

*FINIS.*

